

Image

# THE WALKING DEAD

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# THE WALKING DEAD

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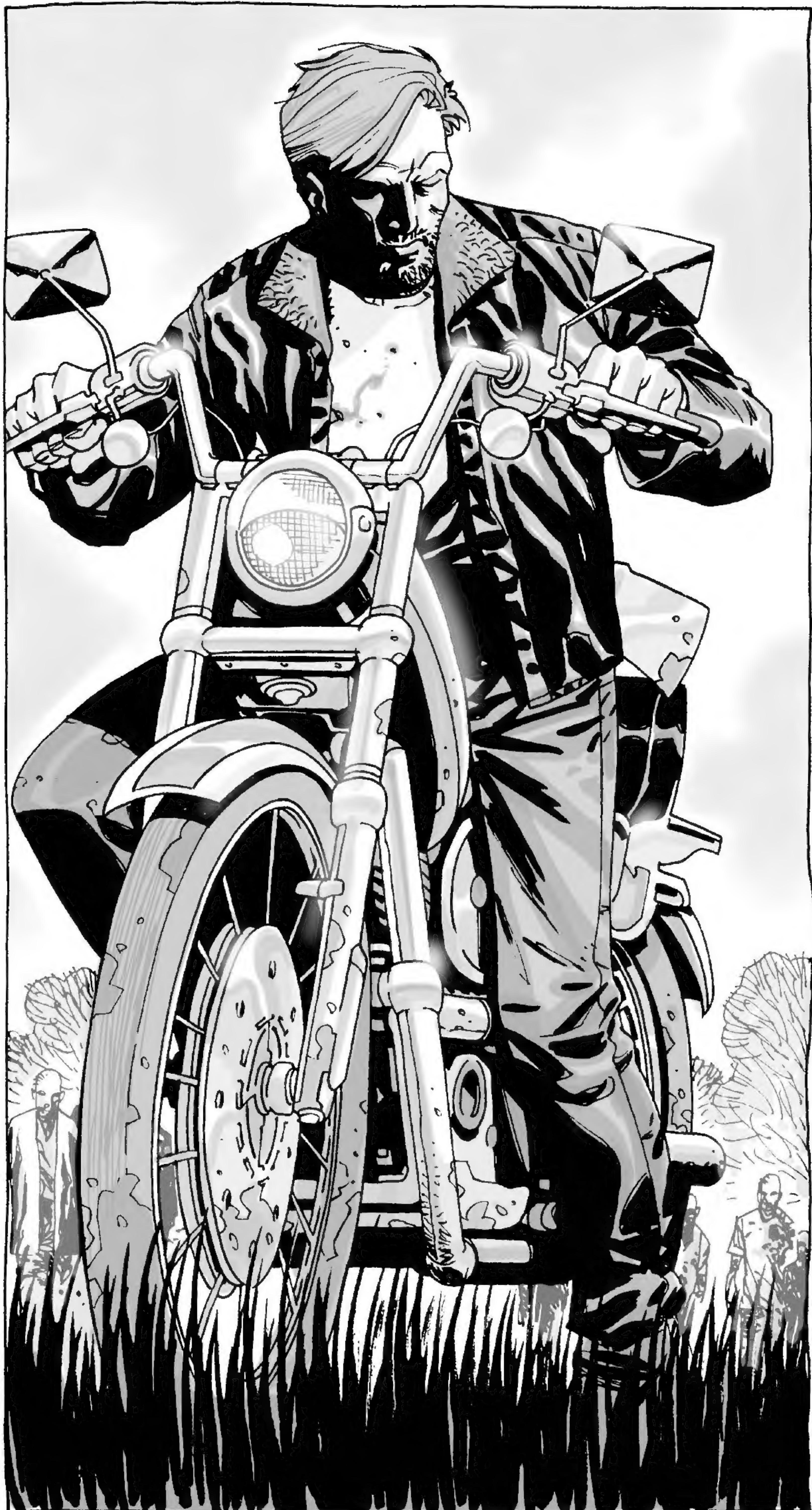
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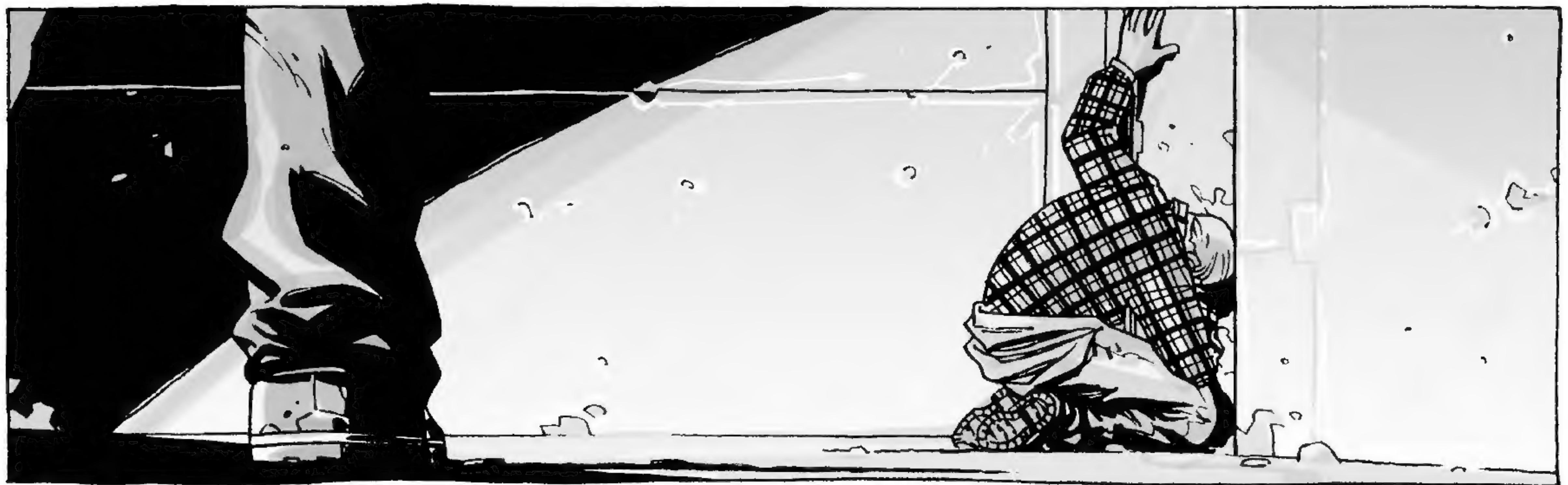
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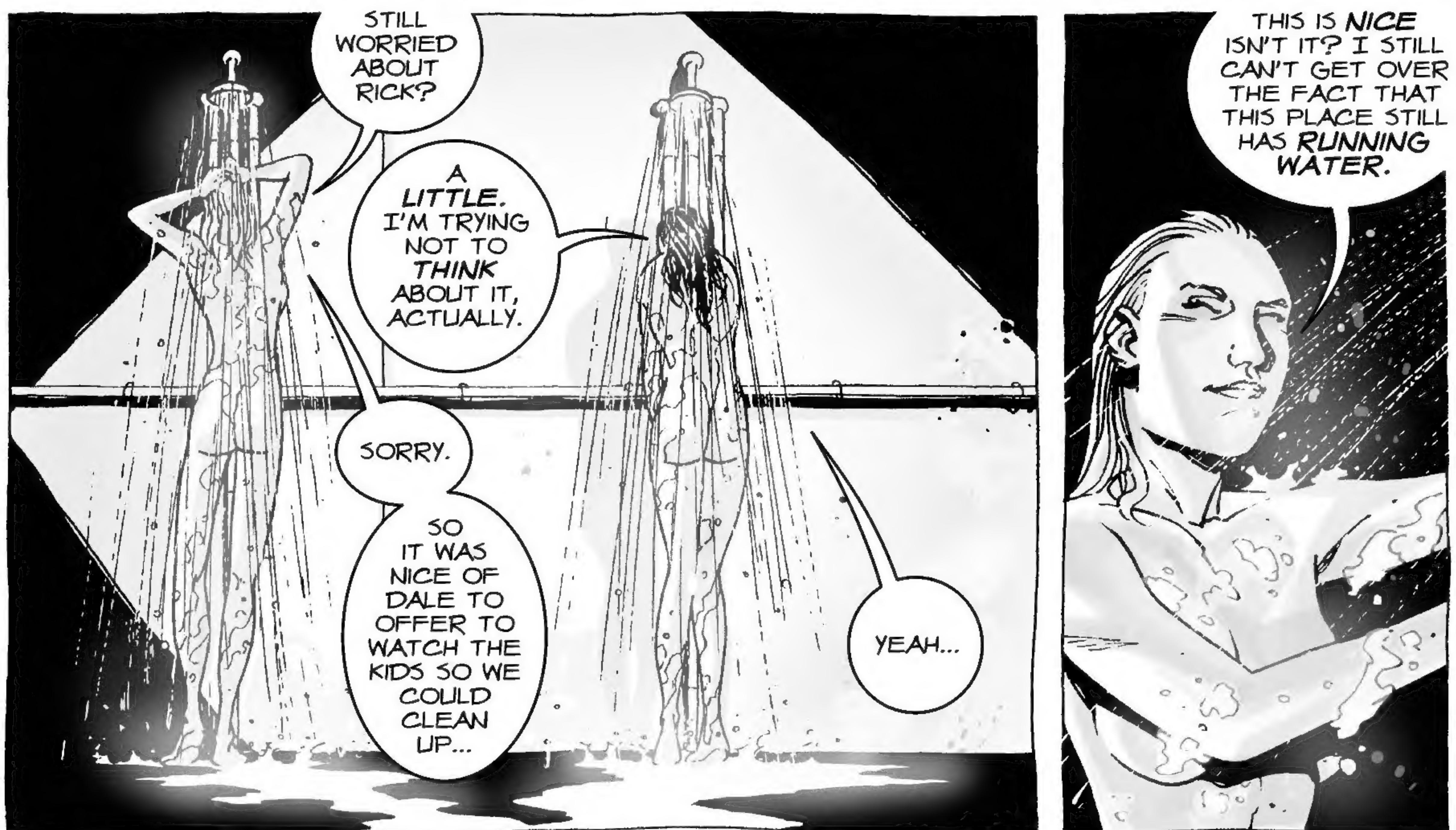
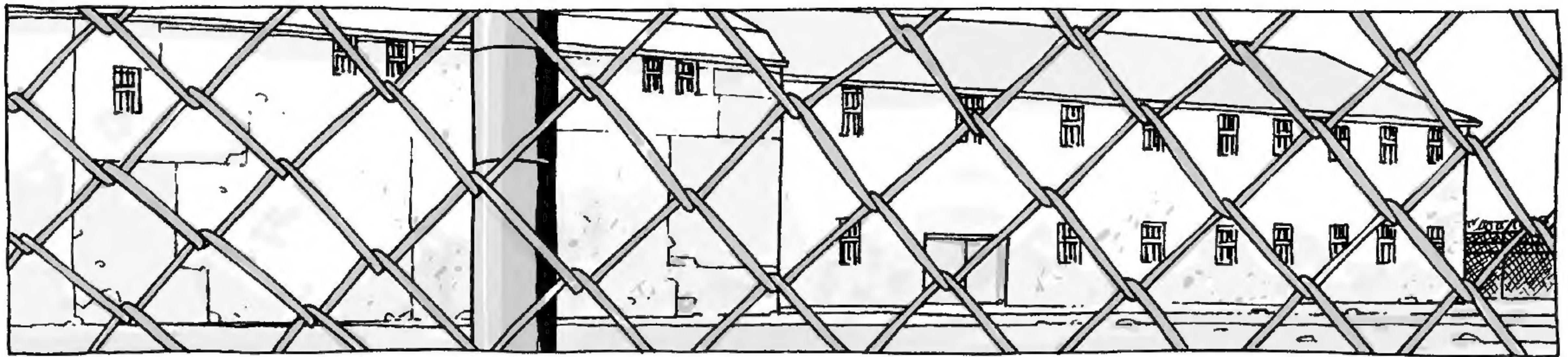
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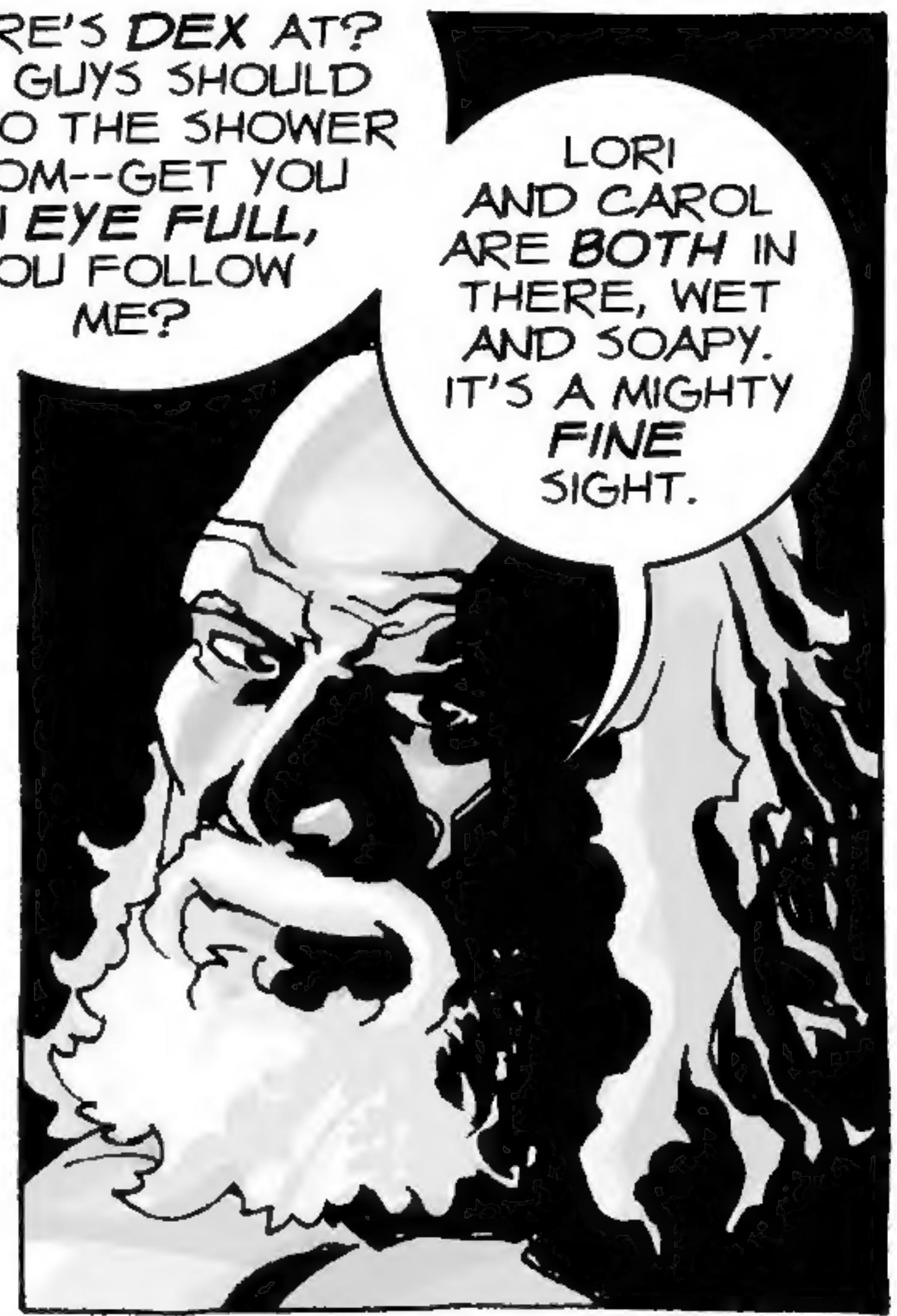


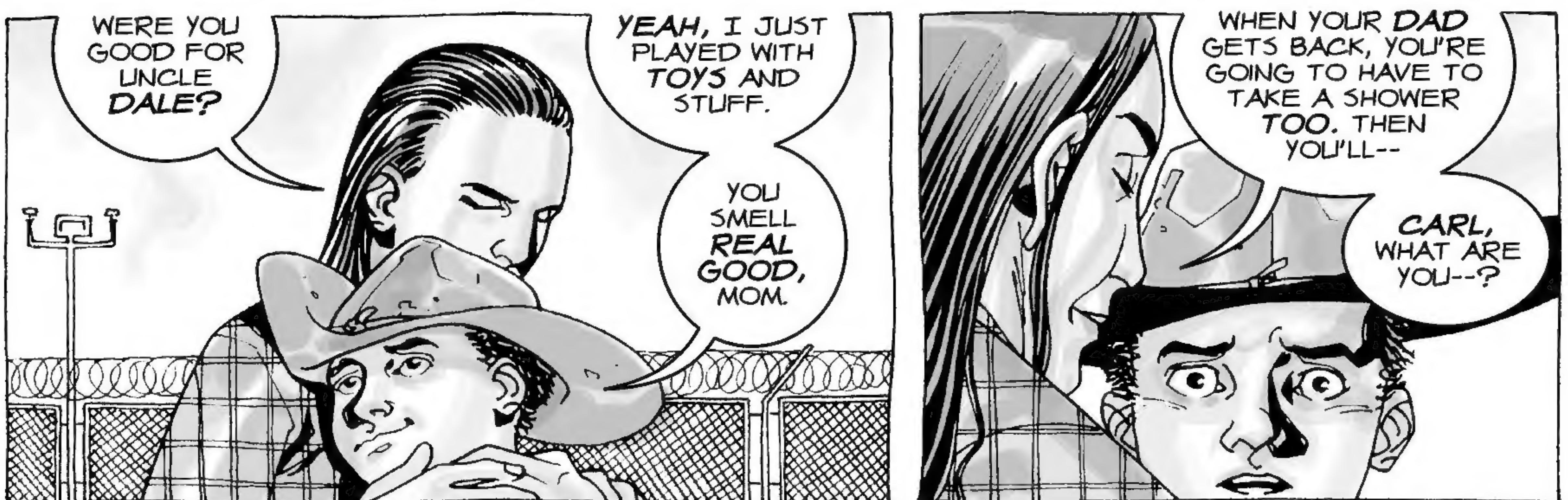
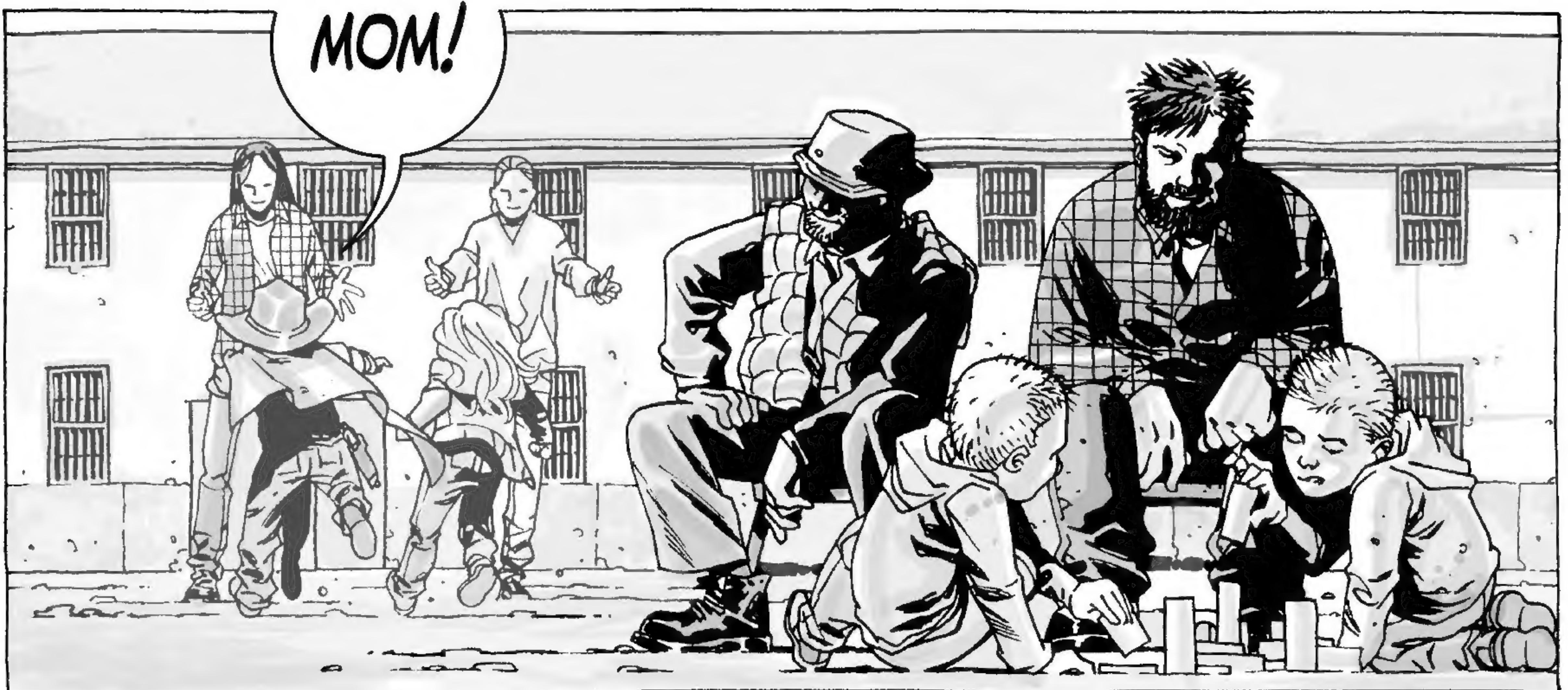


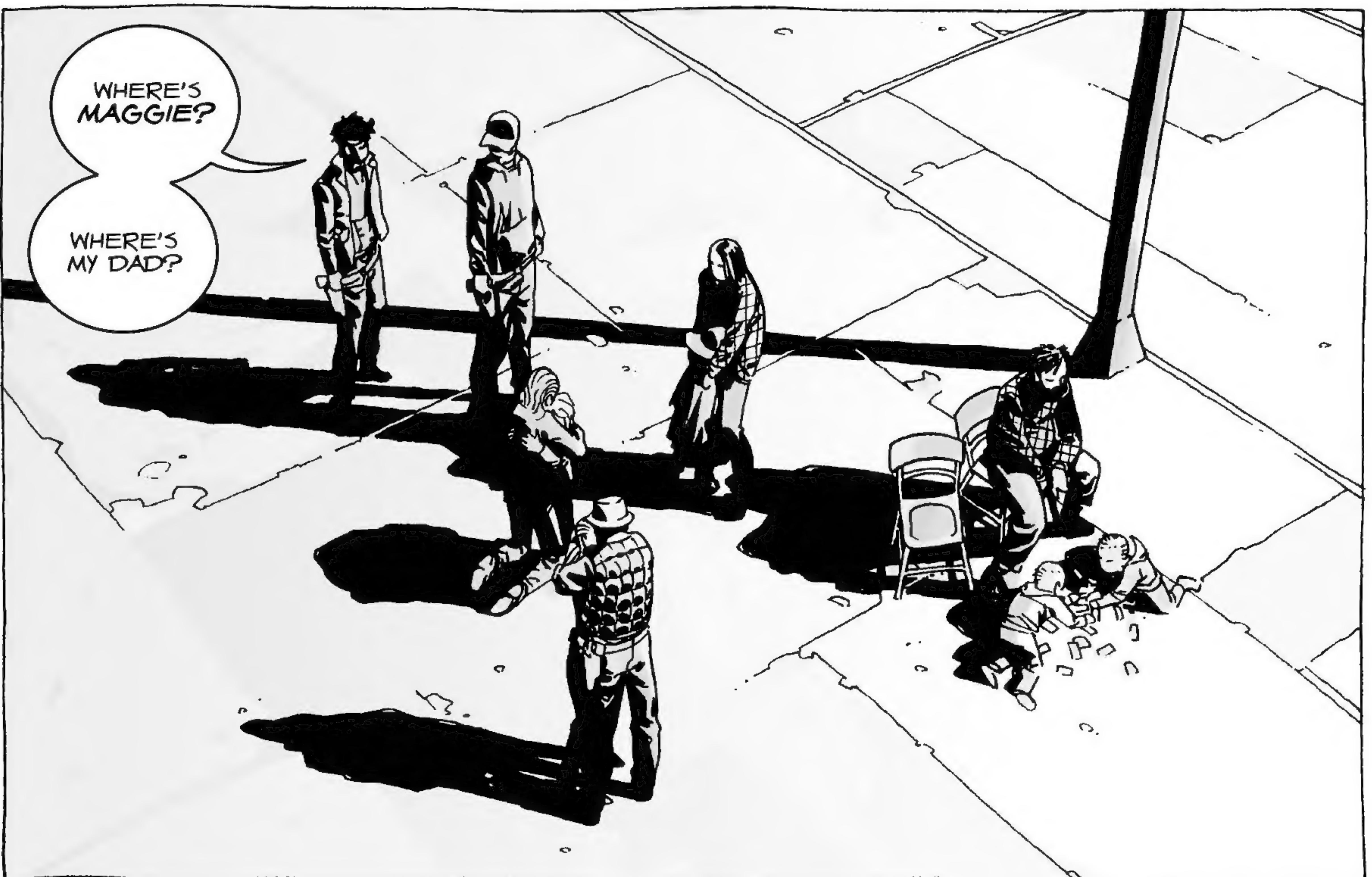




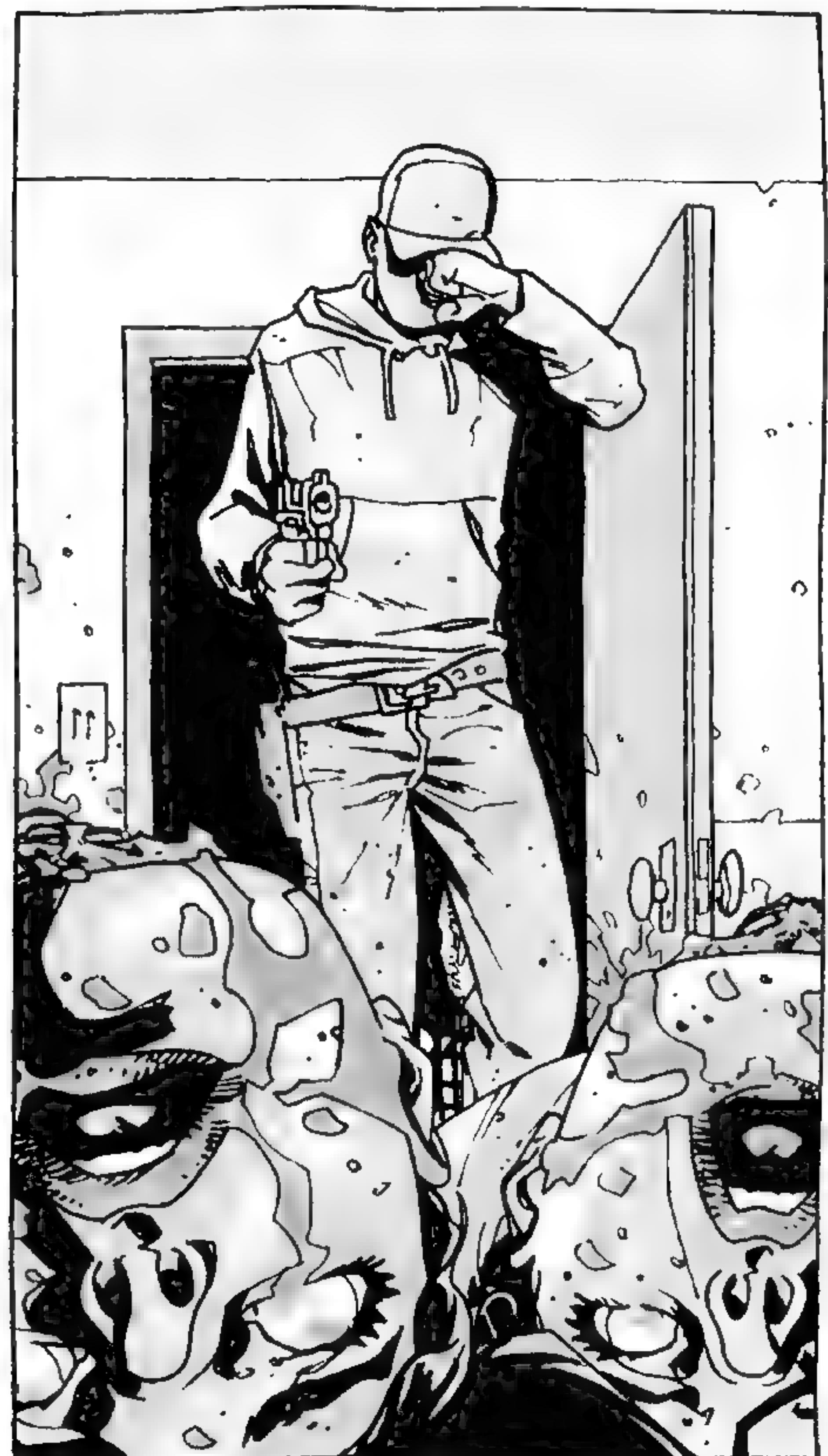


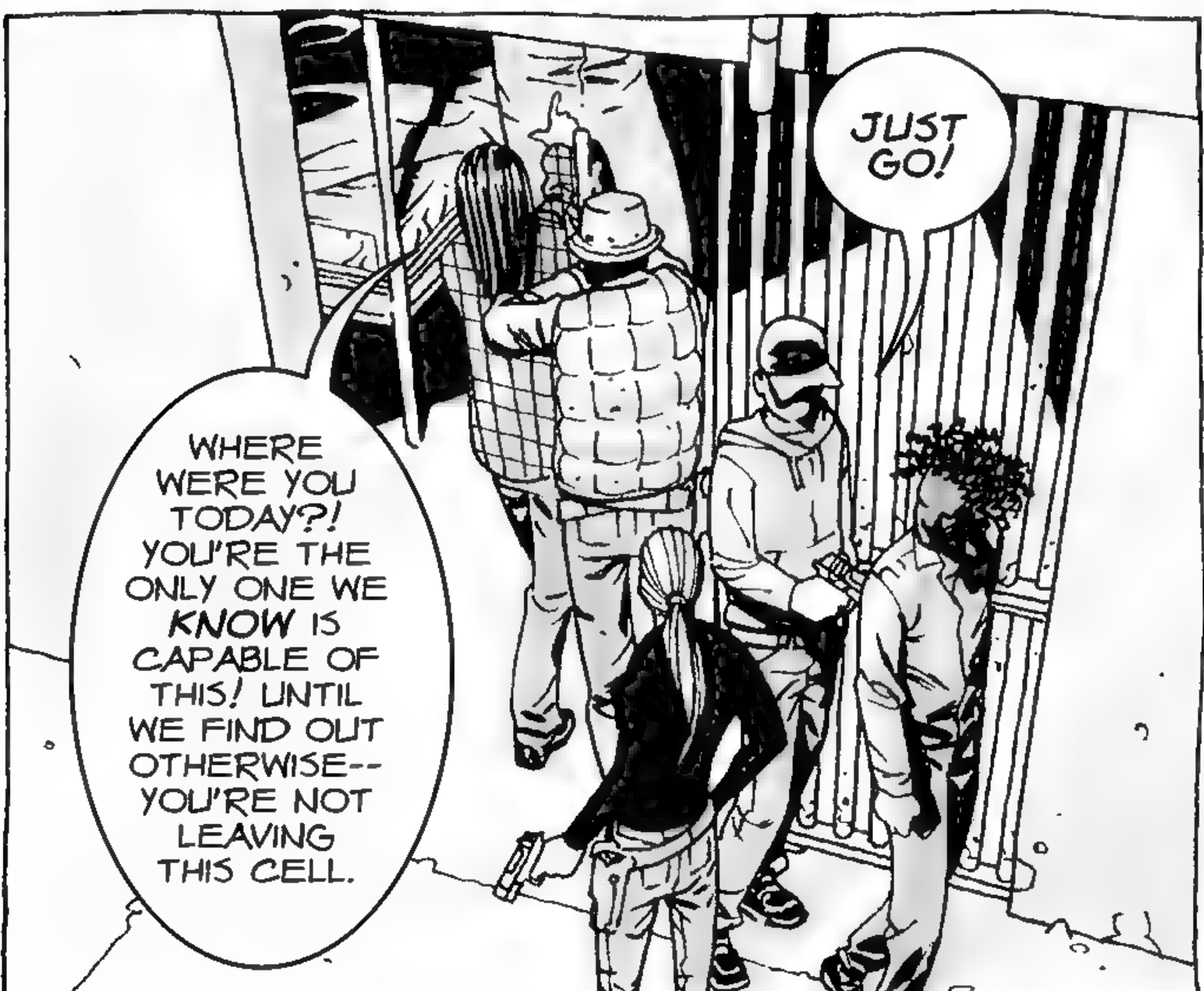
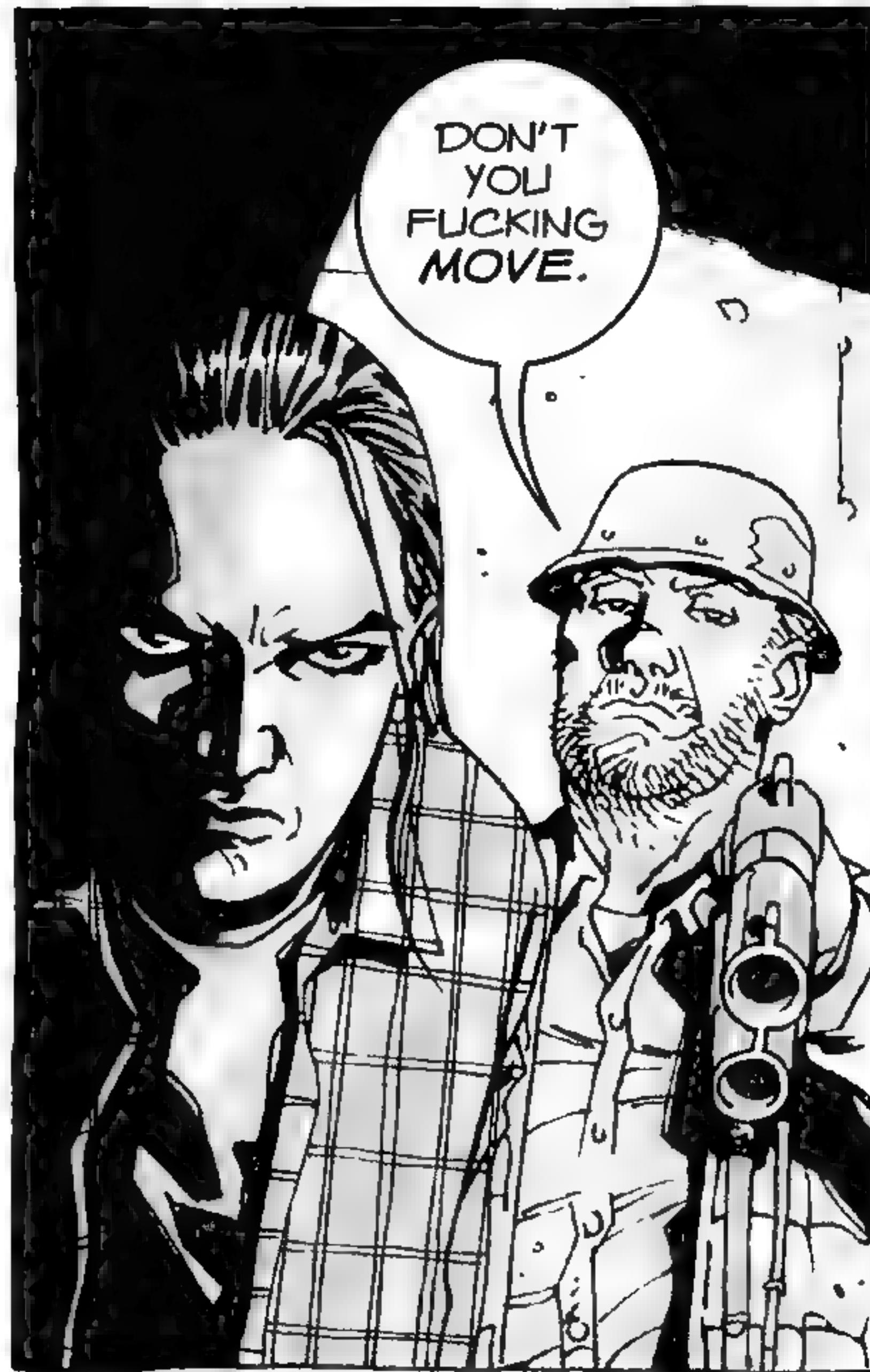


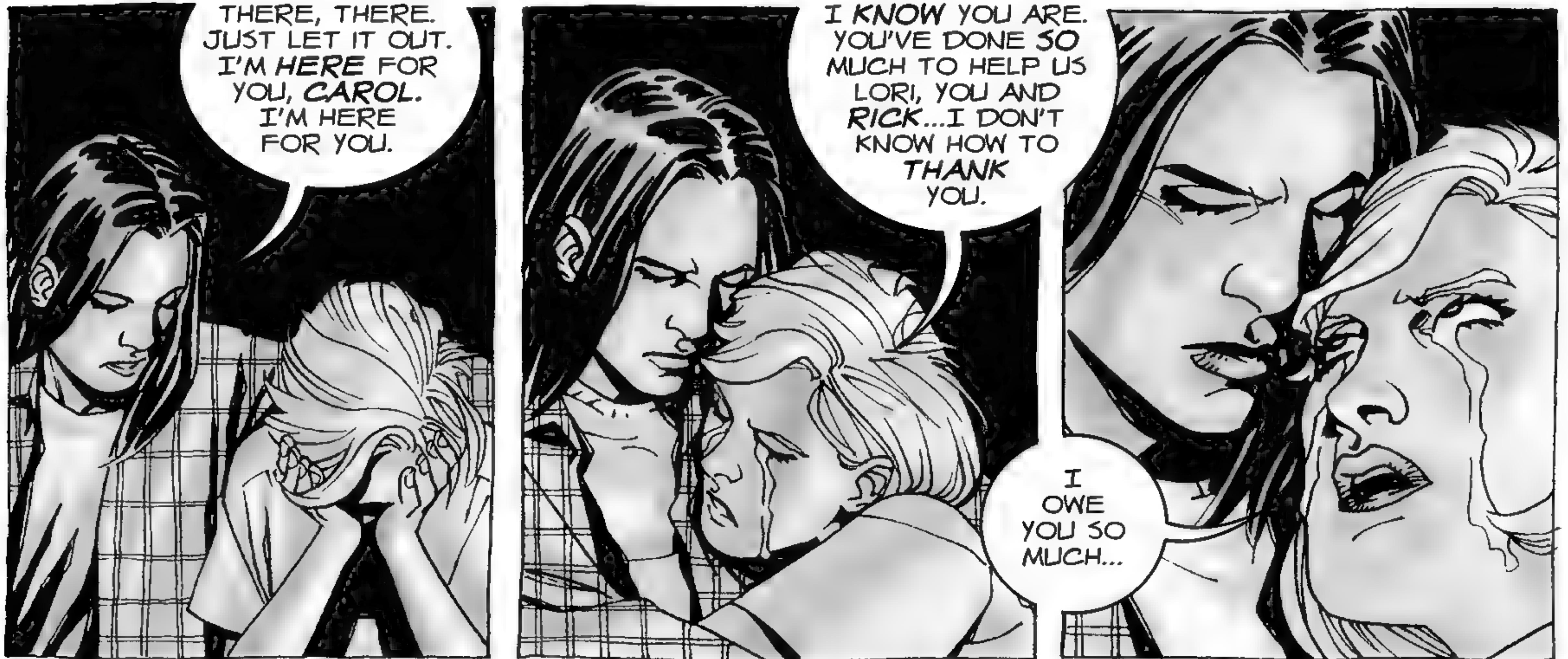












I'M THE SAME WAY--EVER SINCE I LOST MY SISTER AMY, I JUST HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE TAKING IT SERIOUSLY. SURE, ANOTHER ONE OF US IS GONE, OR TWO, OR THREE...BUT IT'S JUST DEATH, Y'KNOW.

EXACTLY! SEE, WE'RE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER...IN THIS WORLD, I MEAN. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DON'T THINK SO.

I'M SAD FOR THEM--I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOING THROUGH--BUT IT DOESN'T AFFECT ME AT ALL. NOW, WE FIND OUT THAT BLACK BOY KILLED THE GIRLS, AND IT'LL TAKE A LOT TO HOLD ME BACK, BUT OTHER THAN THAT... IT'S LIKE I HAVE NO EMOTION LEFT... I'VE USED IT ALL UP.

WE GET ALONG, YEAH--BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WITH AN OLD FART LIKE ME?

HOW MANY GOOD YEARS COULD I HAVE LEFT?

GOOD YEARS? NONE. NOBODY HAS ANY GOOD YEARS LEFT. BUT IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT LIFESPAN... I THINK WE'RE ALL ABOUT EQUAL.

WHAT'S THE AVERAGE LIFE SPAN HERE? SIX MONTHS? A YEAR--HOW LONG COULD WE POSSIBLY LAST AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING?

I THINK I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT I WILL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU. AND I'M HAPPY TO DO THAT.

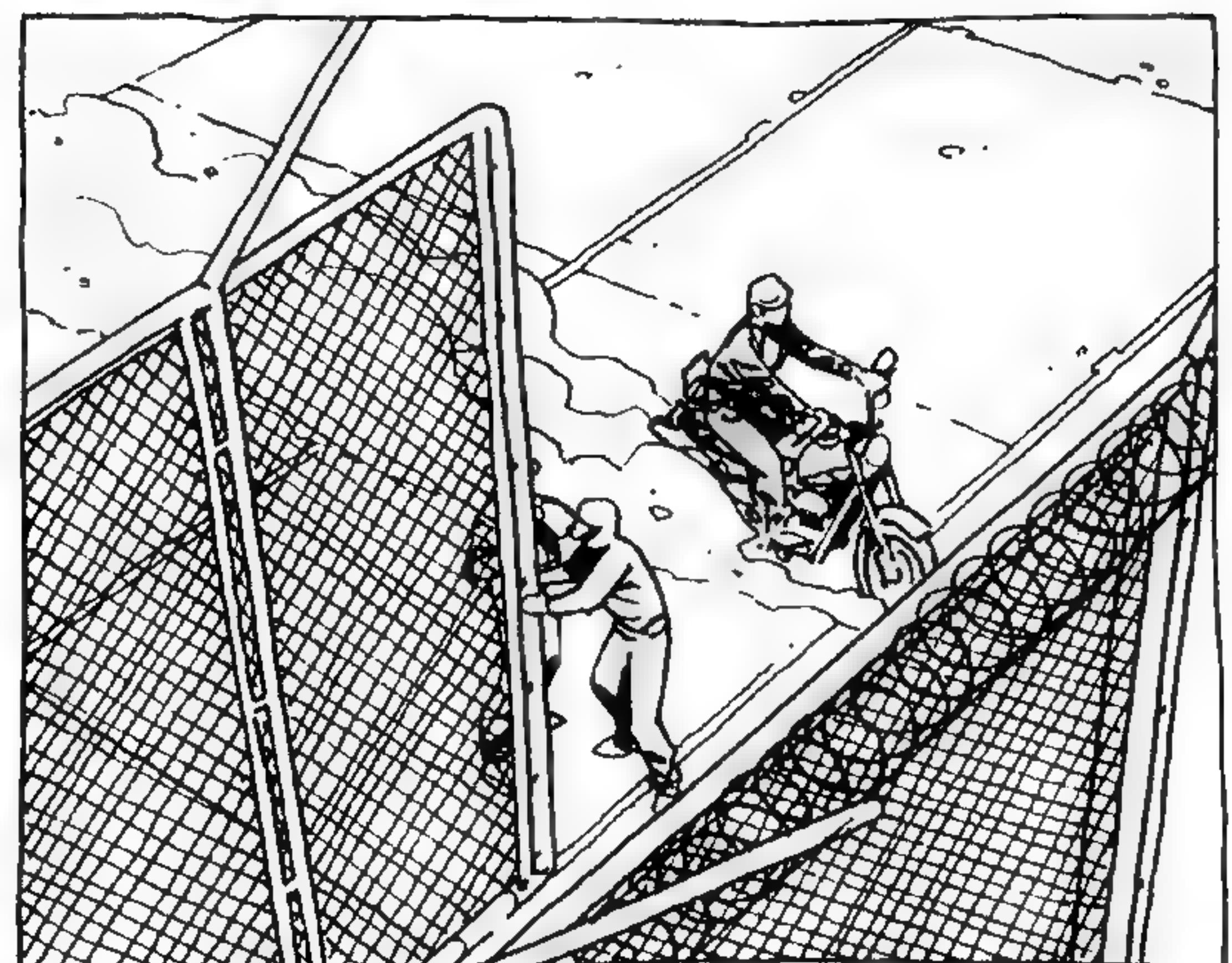
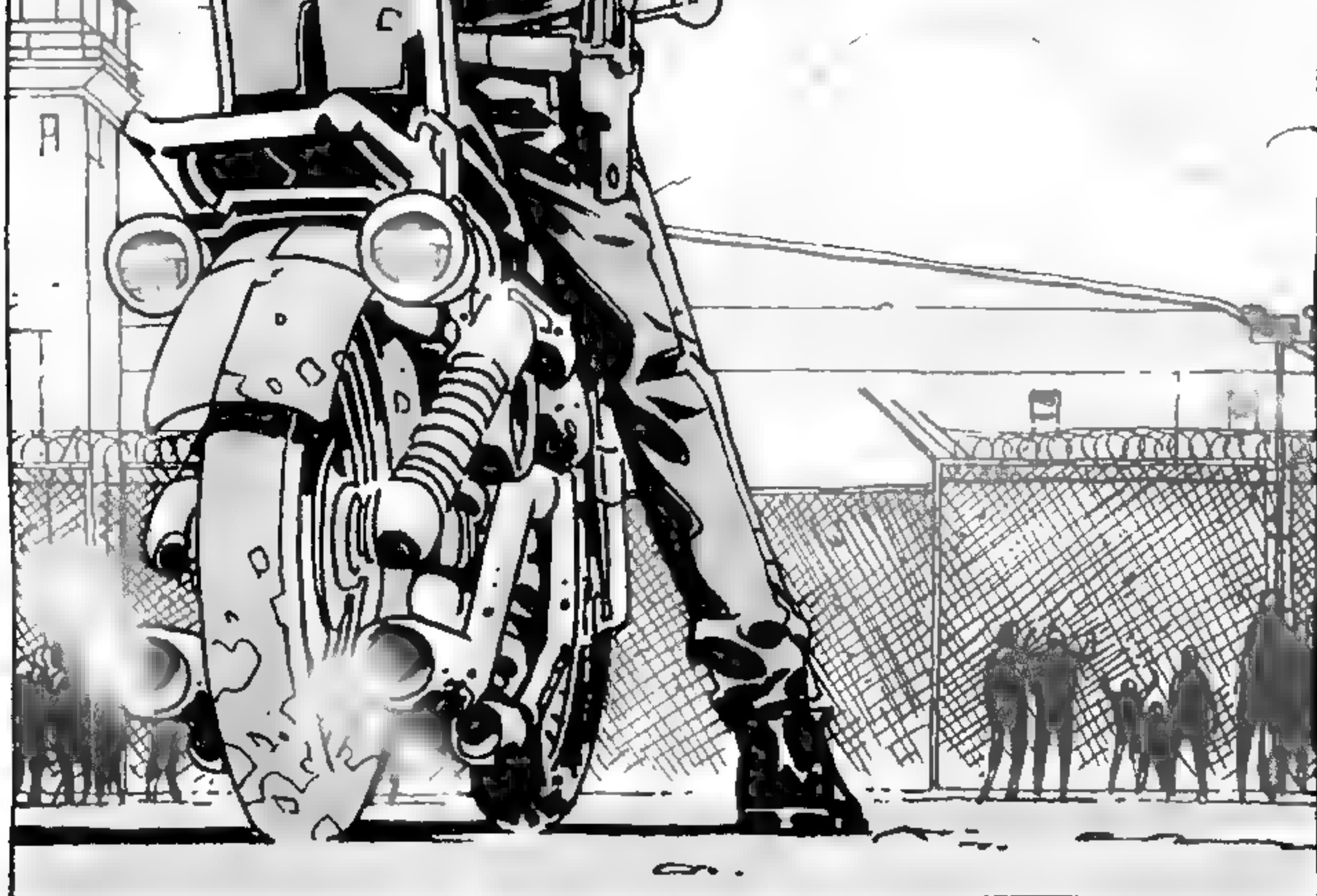
YOU'VE GOT AT LEAST ANOTHER YEAR IN YOU, DON'T YOU?

I THINK I COULD MANAGE THAT, YOU'RE A BIG HELP ON THAT FRONT.

I DON'T WANT TO DIE, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ME WANT TO LIVE.

RIGHT BACK AT YOU, OLD MAN.

YOU JUST HAD TO GO THAT ONE STEP TOO FAR.



WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
TELL ME!

HERSHEL'S GIRLS--  
THE TWO YOUNGEST,  
NOT THE ONE GLENN'S  
WITH, WERE KILLED. IT  
HAD TO BE SOMEONE  
IN THE PRISON. WE  
THINK IT WAS DEXTER,  
THE BIG BLACK  
FELLA. WE LOCKED  
HIM UP.

DEAD?  
OH,  
LORD.

I TOLD  
THEM IT WAS  
SAFE HERE--  
THIS IS MY  
FAULT.

TYREESE--HE WANTED  
TO CLEAN ALL THE DEAD  
OUT OF THE GYM. ONCE  
WE GOT IN THERE--HE  
WENT CRAZY. HE RAN  
OUT INTO THE MIDDLE  
OF THEM, GOT  
SURROUNDED.

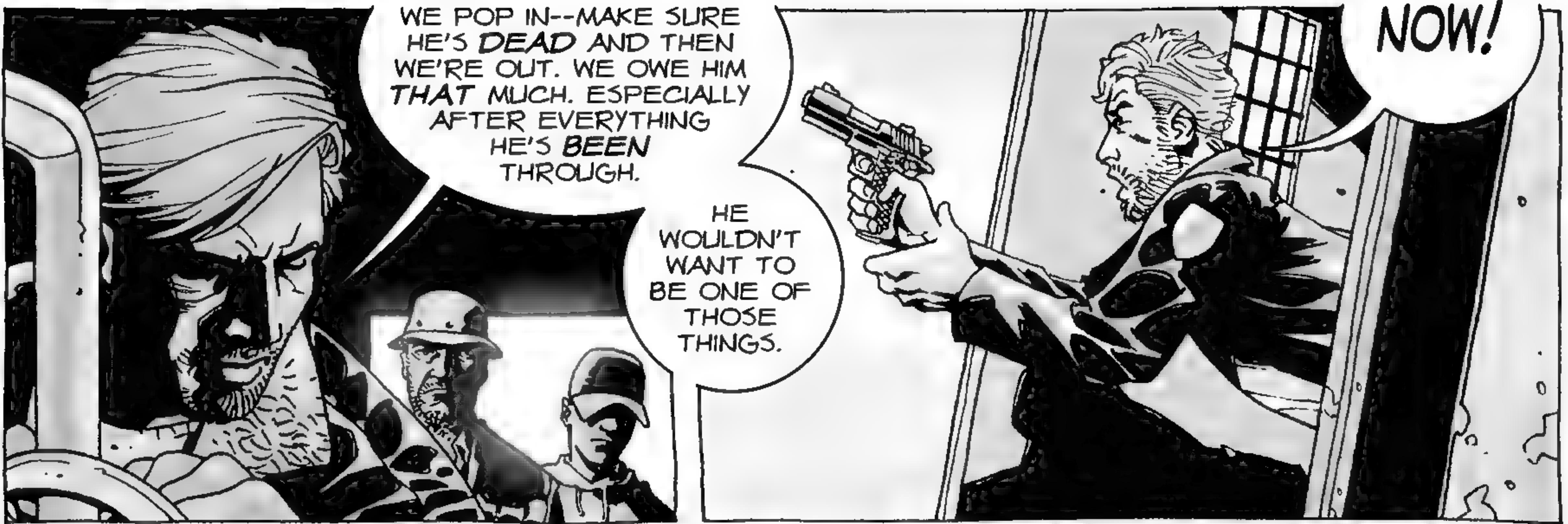
WE  
COULDN'T  
SAVE HIM--WE  
HAD TO LEAVE  
HIM. HE'S STILL  
IN THERE...THERE  
WAS NOTHING  
ELSE WE  
COULD  
DO.

HE WAS  
SURROUNDED--  
THERE WAS  
NOTHING WE  
COULD  
DO.

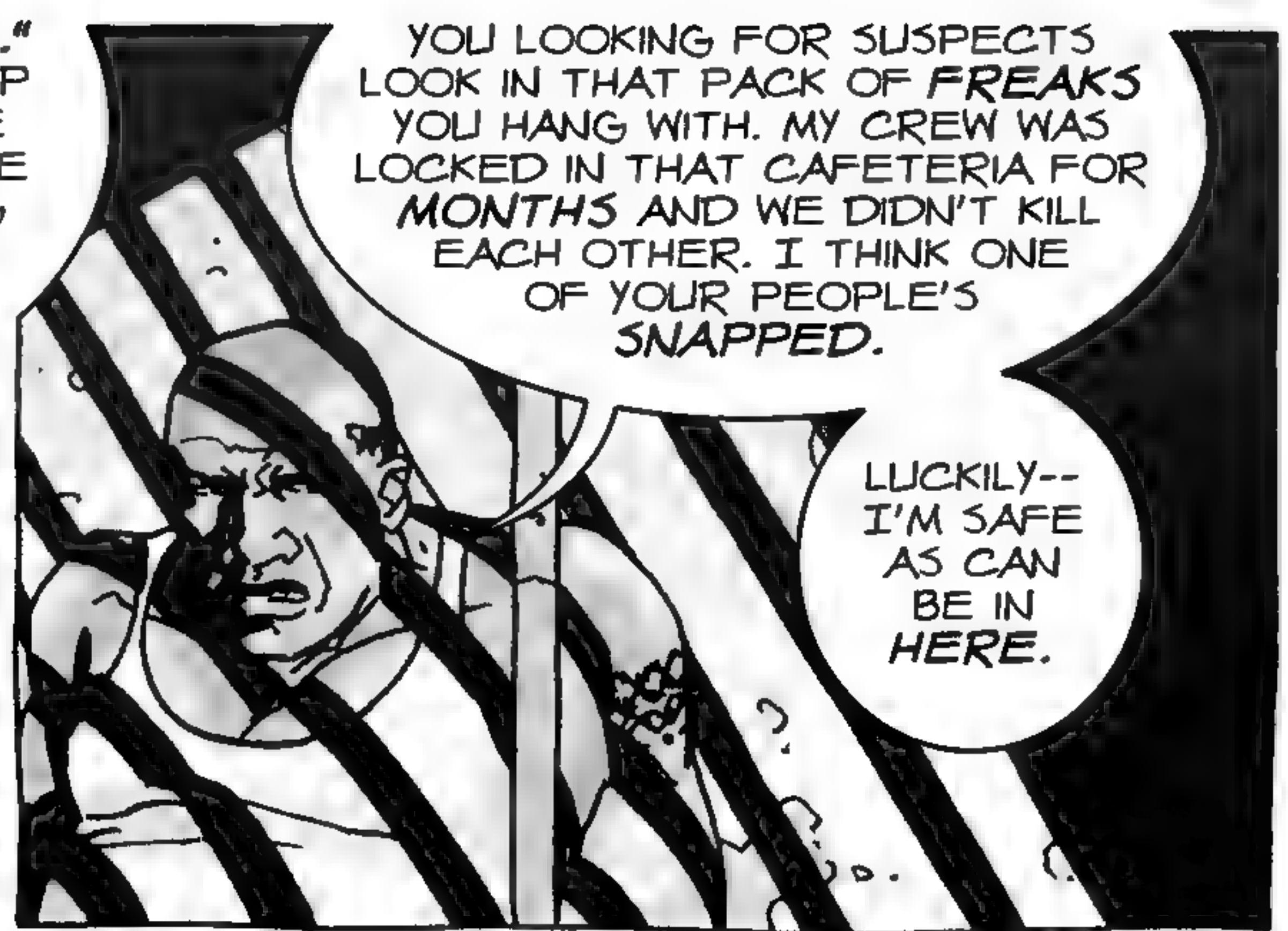
WE  
HAVEN'T  
HEARD ANY  
GUN SHOTS  
SINCE HE WAS  
LEFT IN  
THERE--HE  
DIDN'T MAKE  
IT.

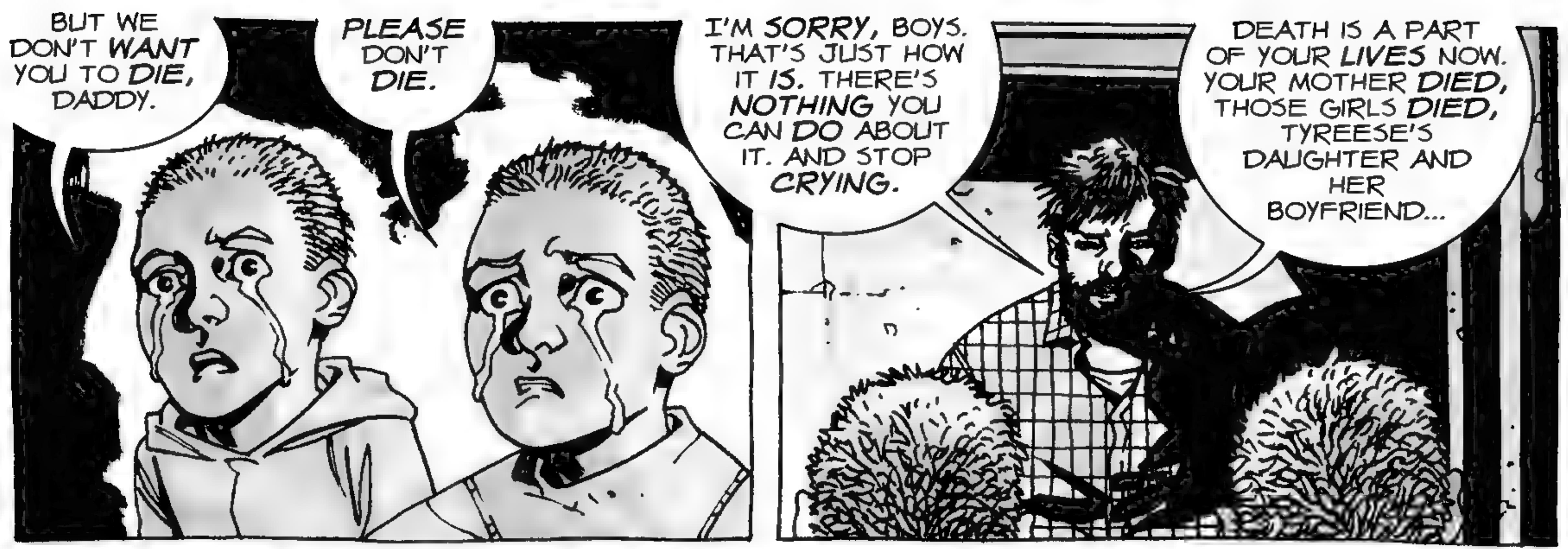
FOR  
GOD'S  
SAKE,  
ANSWER  
ME!

DID  
YOU SEE  
HIS BODY?!  
ARE YOU  
SURE HE WAS  
KILLED?!









HOW THE HELL DID YOU SURVIVE THAT, TYREESE? YOU FOUGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH DOZENS OF THOSE THINGS WITH A HAMMER?

I BARELY REMEMBER--THAT WHOLE DAY SEEMS LIKE A DREAM TO ME. I REMEMBER IT HAPPENING, BUT IT'S LIKE I WAS SEEING IT FROM OUTSIDE MY BODY.

YOU OKAY? I ASKED BEFORE AND YOU SAID YOU WERE FINE-- BUT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH SOME SHIT, MAN. I KNOW IT.

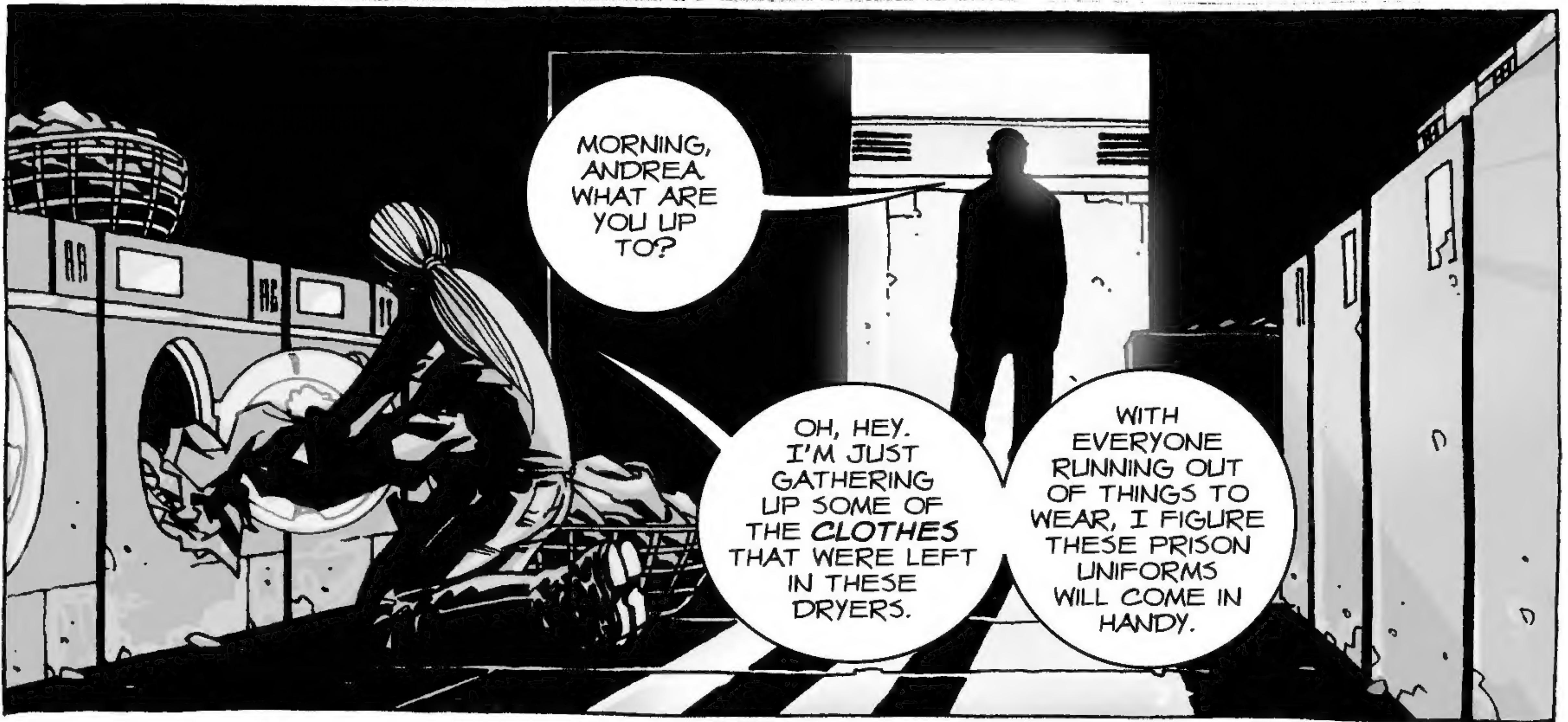
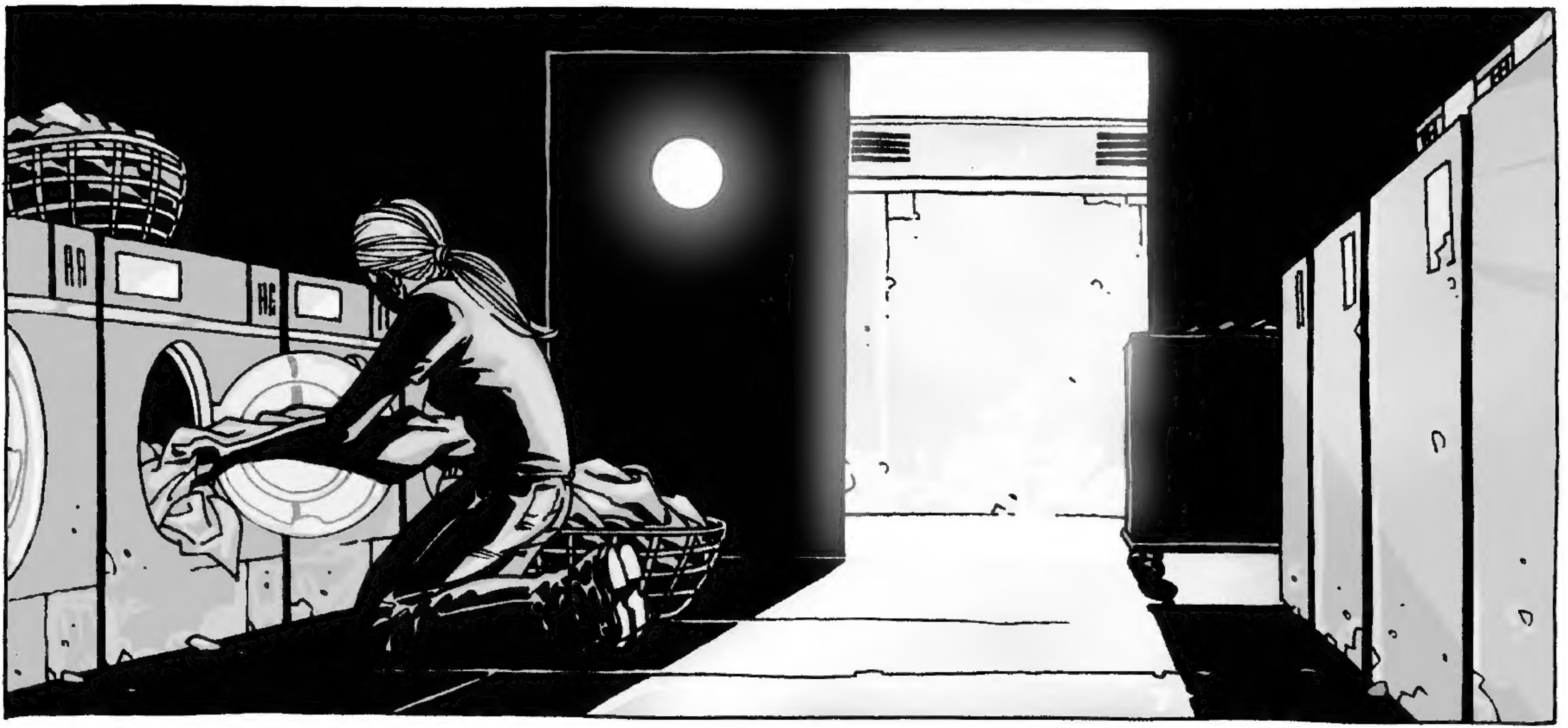
SHE'S DEAD, RICK. MY DAUGHTER IS DEAD... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? WE ALL ARE.

WE'RE ALL DEAD-- YOU, ME, CAROL, LORI, DALE--EVERYONE. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US AND JULIE IS THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL THE BULLSHIT WE DO.

SHE'S RESTING, SHE'S GOT NO TROUBLES ON HER MIND-- NOTHING CREEPING AROUND EVERY CORNER TRYING TO KILL HER. MY LITTLE GIRL IS AT PEACE.

SEEMS TO ME THAT AIN'T SOMETHING TO BE SAD ABOUT.

C'MON, LET'S GET SOME SLEEP.



SO I  
COULD  
CUT OFF  
YOUR  
HEAD.

